

THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XXXII, No. 25.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1942

FOUR PAGES

Last Formal Dance of Year on Thursday Next

Exhibit Art Work By Faculty, Graduate, And Student Artists

For the first time in the history of the University, a collection of art executed by members of our own faculty, alumni and students is on display in the second floor Arts foyer.

Members of the faculty exhibiting work are Dr. Rowan of the department of Zoology, Dr. Bulyea of the school of Dentistry, and Dr. Pope of the medical faculty. Dr. Rowan's drawings show the skill that he commands in pencil drawing. Dr. Bulyea's works testify to the keen interest and the fondness that he has in painting. Most interesting of Dr. Egerton Pope's paintings is his portrait of a cowboy.

Two professors emeritus have work on display. Dr. Revell, former head of the department of Anatomy, has an excellent little colorful painting of the view looking northward to the University Hospital. Dr. Burgess, former head of the department of Architecture, has some good still life drawings on exhibition.

Among the works of graduates, J. M. Nicol's two oil portraits have commanded much attention. His "Uncle Arch" and "Self-Portrait" have the strength and the quality becoming to the work of a graduate engineer. W. F. Irwin's portraits in charcoal were also particularly well done. The water-colors of Arthur Adam, son of the former head of the department of Drawing and a graduate from this University, show a bold use of water-color. Only one is of an Alberta scene, the rest are of scenes in the forests of the Pacific coast. Mr. Adam is now a resident of Vancouver. Another graduate who has chosen the Pacific coast as a subject is G. C. White. His

painting of Vancouver from across the inlet gives the effect of tall buildings rising above the waters of the harbor.

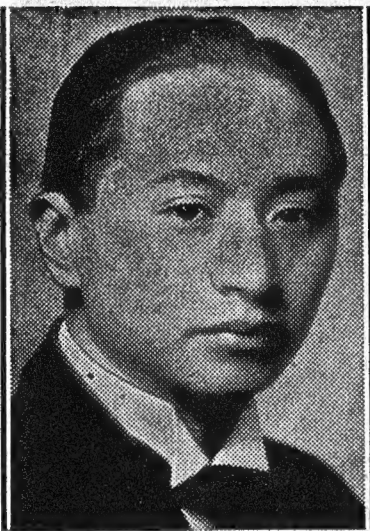
Three city teachers, all University graduates, have a portion of their work on display. Mr. G. H. Clark has some interesting pastels. Miss Miriam Bowman, teacher in Strathcona High School and instructor in the College of Education, has some very good water-colors. Mr. Hedley of the Normal School also has some good water-colors, but unlike Miss Bowman, who has chosen town and countryside subjects, Mr. Hedley has chosen the rugged Canadian Rockies.

Two other artists who have painted the Rockies are Mrs. Stella Cameron, wife of Donald Cameron of the Extension Department, and Campbell Ower, a student in medicine. Both have excellent water-colors. Ower's have a freshness and a poetic quality that commands our interest. Mrs. Cameron's painting, especially the one with the two figures in the foreground, show very good technique.

Two very interesting groups of work are those of Murray Macdonald and Mario Prizek. Mr. Macdonald has a very strong sense of design, while Mr. Prizek has an easy style of pen and ink drawing on a colored mottled background.

For those who think that artists tend to be unmanly, we point to Bill Sinclair and Dick Gordon. These men are now officers in the Royal Canadian Navy. Appropriately, both have taken the sea as their subject. Gordon has an imaginative marine scene, while Sinclair has an oil painting of an old-fashioned sailing vessel.

DISAPPEARS



Speaker Planned Visit U. of A. Lost in East

An eminent Chinese professor, Dr. Koo, is missing after the capture of Hong Kong by the Japanese armed forces. Dr. Koo was to visit the University around the middle of January, but due to the circumstances, his visit has been cancelled. It is said that he escaped from Hong Kong to the mainland of China, but there is no definite information to this effect. There is, however, hope that he has survived and will as soon as he possibly can, come to Canada to make a tour of all the Canadian universities, the University of Alberta being one of the first to hear him speak on international relations between China and Canada.

Law Club Has Perennial Raffle

Members of the Law Club who have been selling tickets for their raffle during the past few weeks were relieved Tuesday when the draw took place. Wauweta President Helen Warnock brought the lucky ticket out of the hat and, as usual, the winner was not a lawyer. Tom Peters got the much sought after first prize, while Jim Patterson held the second prize duet. Law students who held anywhere up to twelve tickets applauded their perennial lack of luck.

Profit of \$45.00 was turned over by the club to the Ambulance Fund.

NOTICE

Following articles were missing after the War Services tea on Jan. 26th:

- 13 cups,
- 13 spoons,
- One sugar bowl.

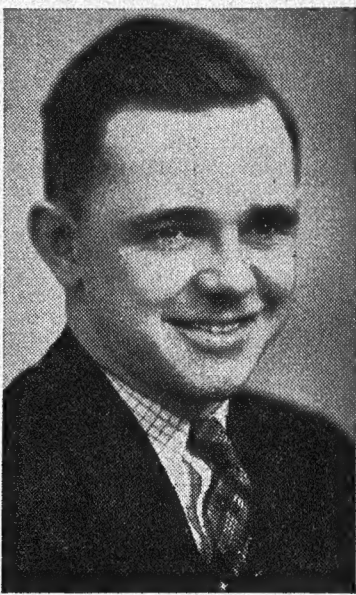
Anyone knowing the whereabouts of these articles, kindly inform the janitors in Arts Building immediately, as their value if approximately \$15.00.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY

Snapshots of Ambulance Drive, Waw-Waw Weekend, Philharmonic Trip, Outdoor Club—Evergreen and Gold.

Don McCormick Chosen Valedictorian Helen Hardy Historian; Outstanding In Executive And Academic Fields

MCCORMICK



Well-known to everybody on the campus, Don has held many positions in extra-curricular life at Varsity. To graduate in law this spring, Don has had many matters on his mind.

Recent developments in the activities of the graduating class of '42 are evidenced by the appointment of Don McCormick as Valedictorian and Helen Hardy as Historian.

Helen Hardy has always been prominent in campus life. Few can boast of an academic record like hers. She is enrolled in Honors French and Latin, and for three years has received a scholarship for obtaining a first-class average. She will graduate this spring. Prior to coming to this University, she attended Strathcona High School in Edmonton, where she won a Tegler scholarship.

She is vice-president of the French Club, president of the Blue Stocking Club, and a member of Pi Beta Phi fraternity.

Don McCormick is one of the most popular men on the campus. He graduates in Law this spring; received his degree in Arts last year. An exceptionally bright boy in school, Don was awarded a three-year scholarship at 13, sending him from Lacombe to Upper Canada College.

His University career has been one of constant activity. In his Soph year he was a Gateway feature editor and secretary-treasurer of his class. He was elected to the Junior class executive the following year, in addition to filling the position of business manager of the Philharmonic Society. In his Senior year he headed that group as president. He is Students' Union Treasurer this year. He belongs to the Parnassus Club.

Last spring Don was on the wrestling team that grappled in Saskatoon. "But," says Mr. McCormick, "we don't talk about that!"

Engineer Exams Start March 27

It's the last lap for first and second year Engineers.

In just under six weeks dark circles under tired eyes will feature the forty-beer men as they grope from exam to exam in Convocation Hall. Lectures are scheduled to end March 25, and March 27, a Friday, will be the first day of reckoning.

Upon completion of the tests, all first-year students and some second-year students will take a course in surveying.

HARDY



Everybody on the campus is familiar with Helen Hardy, who is to write the Class '42 history. During her four years at the University she has taken part in many extra-curricular activities.

Gerry Hutchison To Take Student Service Sunday

The world Student Christian Federation has sent out a call for a day of prayer for students throughout the world on Sunday, Feb. 15. The W.S.C.F., as it is called, is less an organization than it is a fellowship, uniting Christians of all nationalities and creeds in their common allegiance to God. The S.C.M. is an affiliated part of the W.S.C.F. and serves it on the Alberta campus.

The service in Convocation Hall on Sunday morning, Feb. 15, is to be taken by Gerry Hutchison. Gerry is an old friend of the Federation, and has for us a message that will bring us closer to the needs of those whom we should remember in all lands. We who have still so many privileges can surely offer a prayer for our fellow-students who are suffering great hardships. Come to the Student Service next Sunday. Mr. Nichols and the Varsity Choir will take part in the service.

Class '42 to Buy \$100 Bond; West Will Be Trustee

There have been graduating classes that gave pictures, and there have been graduating classes that gave lamps or fountains or the like. But the graduating class of '42 have hit upon a novel idea for their gift to their alma mater.

With the war cloud growing steadily darker and Canada's government in dire need of money, the Class of '42 will purchase a \$100 bond this year. The bond will be kept in trust by Mr. West, the Bursar, until in the years to come it will be due. At the time of its maturity the bond will be used by Mr. West to purchase for the Class of '42 the gift which they have stipulated.

Just what the class will give to the University is still a mystery, for the field is unlimited and the executive members have had all kinds of interesting ideas—but have come to no decision.

Tells Inside Story of Last Friday's Lit. Bombshell

"You dun noble, fellah!" A tall, curly-haired Arts student, veteran of many years in the newspaper business, shifted his weight awkwardly from one foot to the other, rolled his eyes and added:

"I don't know how you dun it!" He was speaking to a group of tired but happy engineers, to wit, Ben Samuel, Norm Grant, Ed Brooke, Don Storey, Harry Hole, Murray Hanna, George Tustin, Don Livingstone, Dennis Law, George Ballantyne, Don Campbell, Fred Kidd, Bud Chesney and Jack Reynolds. Said engineers blushed prettily, gathered into a huddle and replied lustily:

"We are, we are, we are the Engineers!" "We can, we can, we can drink forty beers!" They had just finished that epic of reporting, the Engineers' Edition of The Gateway. And they had brought it out on time.

For two weeks they had worked. They found that The Gateway was composed usually of a news page, an editorial page, one, two or three features pages and a sports page. Following this discovery, they thought thoughts—and their minds drifted naturally towards Casserole. Thereupon a committee was set up and its members thumbed the files of Judge, Esquire, the Library of Wit and Humour, and Joe Miller's Joke Book, 1905 edition. As the result of their efforts, page two was brought forth highlighted by a Casserole editorial, Casserole the legitimate, Casserole Continued, and The Bathroom Keyhole (a new and nauseating feature).

Pages three, four and five were headaches to the slide-rule men. They needed to fill space—they needed copy. So they went into pastures new. Engineers ventured into strange classes and, between snore, dreamed humorous dreams which appeared in print on page five. Miss Dithery Dorothy Dixie delightfully doped out drivel for the drips, directing despairing damsels to their doleful destinies.

Poems appeared here and there, but their fabricators could have taken Housman's advice and drunk more than the conservative forty beers before fabrication. The engineer reporters trailed coo-coos, who learned that engineers like lace trimming, and flocked to Woolworth's to line themselves with same. Some slide-rule men went to the "Pirates of Penzance" and found, to the gratification of the gentleman portrayed with a belligerent slope on the sports page, that it helped their marching.

They looked into matters hitherto unlooked into—should men wear garters, for instance, and things like that there. And the subject of dutch treats—there is something else Scotch in engineers besides hardness and hard liquid—prompted them to garner favorable opinions in the interests of economy. They made questionable references to certain military

characters and produced some beautiful cartoons. Page one had an engineer tangle also—in fact, it seemed biased in favor of engineers. News was presented as if the engineers had made it, and several eulogies to the slide-rule men were printed. The photo of the engineer fuhrer appeared without a name—but everyone knows Norm Grant.

The sport page was a revelation. Instead of the usual superfluous advertising, left-over news stories and dull accounts of uninteresting games of days gone by, the sports page was given over to a discussion of sport on the campus, which seems, oddly enough, to be hopelessly dominated by heretofore mentioned engineers. However, the interest in co-ed basketball seems commendable, although attention did seem to wander from the game. We would suggest that if the engineers showed as much facility in handling the paper as a whole as they did in fabricating the sport page, this article might never have been written.

Never before have so many waited so long for so little. Apprehensive members of the staff who appeared bearing bundles of slide-rule scandal-sheets were promptly set upon by mobs eager to start on that super-casserole. And now that the tumult and the shouting dies, we come up starchy-eyed with the suggestion—why not have a Med Gateway and an Ag Gateway? And the lawyers could be counted on for some literary talent.

Imagine turning to a gruesome Casserole tastefully decorated with still-life from a stiff lab—or the bovine bon mots of our bucolic brothers—the Ags. With the brilliant legal minds at work who knows what heights of lurid logic might be reached. Possibilities unlimited swim before the ecstatic eyes of the seer.

But whatever the consequences of this daring new departure by our doughty engineers, we rate super-orchids to all who contributed. May their shadow never grow less around the campus of U. of A. And so we conclude with our parting blessing—a poem they inspired in the breast of one of our fair co-eds:

Who could these conquering heroes be?
Why Engineers!
Who set us from tradition free?
Why Engineers!
The Friday Gateway did appear
On Friday once, and made it clear
That Engineers of U. of A. had turned the trick.

Who knows? There may be some day soon
(O happy day!)
A Friday Gateway up by noon
(Not Saturday).
And when it comes (it shall not fail),
We'll praise the boys who blazed the trail—
The Engineers!

Senior Class Dinner Dance Something Novel; Corona Hotel Thursday, 7:15 p.m.

TABLES CAN BE BOOKED

Mrs. MacEacheran, Mrs. MacDonald, Miss Dodd Patronesses

TICKETS LIMITED

All the glamour and excitement of a first-nighter occasion will be present on Thursday evening, Feb. 19, when the Senior Class will entertain at their annual "Ball". For the first time in the history of the University (or as far back as your reporter can remember), the lucky Seniors and those fortunate Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen who manage to procure tickets are being entertained at a "Dinner Dance"—the most formal of occasions.

For weeks the executive members of the Senior class wracked their brains for something new and different—and they finally found the solution to their problem—the Corona Hotel at 7:15 o'clock on Thursday evening + one of the Corona famous chicken dinners with all the trimmings + the wonderful music of Cec Cameron and his orchestra—the most marvellous time you ever had at a Varsity formal.

It's all true. Dinner will be served sharp at 7:15 o'clock and will be finished about 8:30, when dancing will begin, to the music of Cec Cameron. Because the occasion is something new and something different, and because a dinner dance is a very formal occasion, class colors for the men are definitely in order.

Most important in the arrangements for the dance is the fact that ticket holders can make up their own parties of 6, 8, 10 or 12 and phone them directly to the Corona Hotel any time before Thursday, and the table will be reserved for them. Remember, the Senior Dinner Dance is the last formal social event for this year. Remember with the final examination grind looming very near, it will be nice to look back on the perfect memories of a wonderful evening spent at the Senior Dinner Dance.

So be down bright and early Tuesday morning to get your tickets. Seniors, of course, will have first preference, but other class men should not give up hope.

Remember—
The Time: Thursday evening, 7:15.
The Place: The Corona Hotel.
The Occasion: The Senior Class Dinner Dance.
The Price: \$2.50, but that includes a full course chicken dinner.
Dress: Formal.
Ticket Sale begins: Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

It is important that you make up your tables for 6, 8, 10 or 12 early, and phone them to the Corona.

For Saturday Nighters: There is a great difference in quantity and quality between a Supper Dance and a Dinner Dance, but the price is the same.

University Bus Proves Problem

One of Edmonton City Council's biggest transportation headaches, the Varsity bus, has entered another stage in its varied schedule history. A modified extension was agreed upon at the Monday night council meeting.

Since late last October, the street railway has been giving an expanded service which the city commissioners say would add \$4,000 a year to the route's usual loss if it were continued steadily. The route's actual loss during 1941 was \$1,350, including two months of experimental operation on the extended route.

The service suggested by commissioners and favored by council Monday night is estimated to add \$350 a year to the usual loss.

It embodies the following schedule for extending the bus around the back of the University of Alberta residence halls:

Leaving Steen's drug store at south end of high level bridge: at 7:15 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 12:55 p.m., 6:30 p.m. and every 15 minutes until 10:30 p.m.

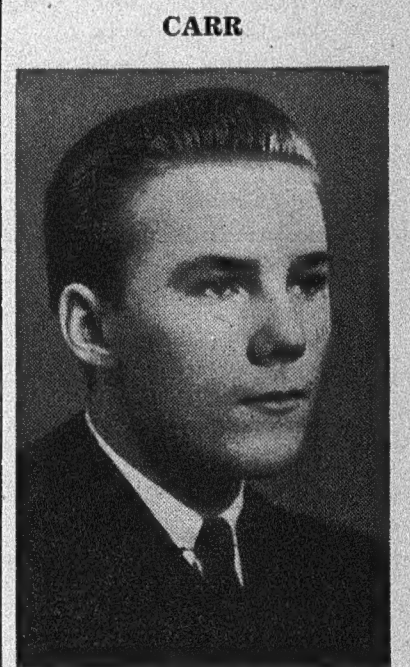
Leaving the back of Assiniboia Hall: at 7:22 a.m., 8:37 a.m., 1:05 p.m., 6:37 p.m. and every 15 minutes thereafter until 10:37 p.m.

The 7:15 a.m. bus will service air-men on night leave who are returning to duty at the initial training school. The 8:37 a.m. and 1:05 p.m. buses will serve children going to school, and the evening buses will serve the air force men "at a time when there is some traffic," the commissioners report said.

The services will be discontinued entirely on Sundays and holidays and after 10:30 p.m. on other days.

NOTICE

Two brand new shiny Year Books (or their cash equivalents) will be given away to the winners of Evergreen and Gold's big snapshot contest. Contest ends February 28th.



who is playing the part of Marchbanks in this year's Spring Play, "Candida," by George Bernard Shaw.

Other members of the cast are: Evelyn Johnston ("Candida"), Veronica Davies ("Prosperine"), Lloyd Graham ("Lexy"), Drake Shelton ("Burgess"), John McVea ("Morell"). Directing the production is Mr. E. M. Jones, who will be assisted by Margaret McLeod. Dates of the play have been set as Thursday and Friday, March 5th and 6th. Marguerite Hayes is in charge of publicity and Audrey McPherson is property mistress. Fred Simpson will be in charge of the backstage work again.

"Candida" is one of Shaw's best plays, and was produced at the Banff School of Fine Arts last summer when Mr. Carr played the same part.

Engineers Ball Friday Evening

A cross-section of campus comment reveals that the primary topic of student interest this week lies in one of the most noted social functions of the University year; for the Engineers, not stopping at publishing a super-edition of The Gateway, are staging their big annual formal affair tonight.

The gathering, which is to be held at the Masonic Temple, starting at 9 p.m., will use the "ribbon instead of corsage" method, another Engineer contribution to the Ambulance Fund. Following a preliminary period of dancing to the rhythms of Chet Lambertson's band, the company will adjourn to the dining room for a light supper, and then the dancing will be resumed until the last waltz is played at 1 o'clock.

Those of you who are fortunate enough to be able to attend are sure of a very enjoyable evening, for a good deal of time has been spent in preparing the program and decorations. Each branch of the profession is constructing a model or object which will illustrate a type of work carried on by that particular branch, and the building as a whole will be decorated with an Engineering motif.

The date, Friday the 13th, is illustrative of the disregard Engineers have for the powers of superstition and spirits. But nothing can go wrong, for all the tickets were sold within two hours of the box-office opening, whenever Engineers meet everyone enjoys himself.

NOTICE

EVERGREEN AND GOLD
Why don't you Engineers, and Aggies, and Meds get together and hand in some snaps of your faculties? If you give us enough good shots, we will make up a separate layout for you. Act now!

THE GATEWAY



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A WEEK ago Tuesday there appeared in the Edmonton Journal a news article on the annual report of the University provost. The article gave the University, and the student body in particular, some very unfavorable publicity.

Each year an annual report of the University is tabled in the provincial legislature. The report is for the preceding academic year.

THAT JOURNAL STORY That is to say, it is for the period ending approximately at the time of last year's final examinations. The report is itself composed of reports by all the responsible University authorities, such as the president, the registrar, the bursar, the deans, the provost, and so on.

Now, the article in the Edmonton Journal failed to mention that the provost's report was prepared last spring. It gave the impression that it had been written within the last few weeks.

Moreover, of the annual University report, which is a fair-sized book, only the provost's report was singled out as worth mentioning. And in that report, two paragraphs, and in those two paragraphs a few pungent sentences were extracted and printed. Suppose the Edmonton Journal had reported on some document telling of the development of the Province of Alberta for the year 1940-41, would they have turned to that part written by the provincial gaoler? Well, then, why single out the provost's report? It is unfair to this institution to have its dirty washing strung out for everybody to see, especially when the dirty washing alone receives the publicity.

All of us who were here last year know of the friction that there was between the provost, the president, The Gateway and certain sections of the student body. This year that friction has largely disappeared. It is not because, as some say, that we are knocking down to the authorities, but because the authorities are giving us a squarer deal. The acting-president comes halfway with the students. We feel that there is a very genuine attempt to see our viewpoint.

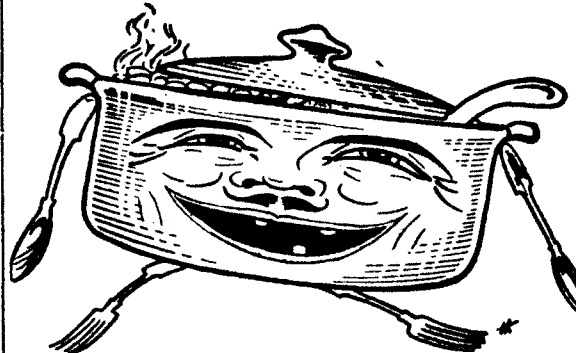
This article in the Journal not only creates a bad impression of the University in the mind of the public; it calls up memories of old quarrels within the University. It stirs up old sores. The article did no good. It could do much harm if we were not to estimate it for what it is worth, then forget it.

Editors of the overtown papers have in the past been quite sympathetic to the University. There has, however, been an unconscious tendency to emphasize stories that give the public unfavorable ideas of the University. For example, compare the publicity given to Sadie Hawkins Week to that given to the Ambulance Fund campaign. The latter in comparison to the former received negligible mention in the columns of the newspapers. We do not think that it is too much to ask for a little less lopsided publicity.

THE Engineers conducted a student opinion poll for their issue of The Gateway. Some of you may have noticed the results printed in last week's edition.

Some very interesting facts emerge. It has often been said that the young men who would be affected by conscription would oppose it, but that they would be forced into it by the other age groups. As far as the young men of this University are concerned this statement is erroneous. For in response to the question, "Are you in favor

CASSEROLE



Two men sat in a restaurant. At the end of the meal one of them requested a loan.

"Can I borrow twenty dollars for a week?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the other, handing out the money. As they arose, the creditor spoke:

"Remember, that's only for a week."

"You'll get your money," replied the debtor, "but quit hounding me."

He—Along in the evening the party waxed merry.
She—Poor Mary!

Then there was the dumb Freshette who thought that the four seasons were salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar.

Teacher—Why does the cream rise to the top?
Stude—So the people can get at it.

Geese is a low, heavy bird which is most meat and feathers; geese can't sing much on account of the dampness of the water. He ain't got no between-his-toe and he's got a little balloon in his stummick to keep him from sinking. Some geese when they are big has curls on their tails and is called ganders. Ganders don't have to sit and hatch, but just eat and loaf around and go swimming. If I was a goose I'd rather be a gander.

"If I asked you to become my secretary at \$75.00 a week, would you say yes?"

"A dozen times a day if necessary."

Sam—A girl's greatest attraction is her hair.
Bill—No. I think it's her teeth. Stranger, what do you think?

Stranger—Same as you, but I don't lie about it.

Facetious is a term used to denote the follower of Mussolini.

An incinerator is a person who hints bad things instead of coming right out and telling you.

Doctor—It's a girl!
Father of eight—What! Another mouth to buy cigarettes for?

A girl can get nicer things than maple syrup from a sap.

A rag of bone.
A hank of hair.
Plus paint alone.
Makes a co-ed fair.

"Here's a ticket for the conjurin' show, Maggie."

"Thank ye, Donald," said his wife.

"And hark ye, Maggie, when he comes to that trick where he takes a teaspoon o' flour and one egg, and mak's twenty oam'-lettes, watch verra close."

"Do you think your son will forget everything he learned in college?"

"I hope so—he can't make a living necking."

Will the person who removed the water from the swimming pool, please return same to gym in its original condition, if you please.—Queen's Journal.

of conscription of manpower?", which most took to mean conscription for overseas, eighty-five per cent. responded in the affirmative, eighty-five per cent. of a group of young men who would be personally affected if conscription were to be enacted.

"Are you in favor of Government ownership and operation of the units of production for the duration of the war?" was the second question. Ninety per cent. of the co-eds approved "conscription of wealth" in principle, while only 72% of the men gave an affirmative answer. Undoubtedly a greater number of young men have had more business experience than our young women, or are expecting to enter industrial and commercial firms. Young men stated that they would not approve such a broad, ill-defined principle. Others said that they were for government control of certain industries, but they said they hated to think of what would happen to the industries if they were run by the present administration. Only 15% approved the present system of enlistment.

Three-quarters of the student body are against the holding of the present federal plebiscite. It was condemned as political tight-rope walking, as time wasting, money wasting, and as shirking of responsibility. It was seen as courting dissent rather than unity.

What, then, do the students at the University want? They want conscription for overseas service. The co-eds wish "conscription of wealth." The men approve "conscription of wealth," but with a little less enthusiasm than the co-eds. They condemn the present system of enlistment as inadequate. And a majority disapprove of the coming federal plebiscite as a sign of weakness.

correspondence

1116 88th Avenue,
Edmonton, Alberta.
Feb. 3rd, 1942.

Editor, The Gateway:

Dear Sir,—I was very surprised when reading an account in tonight's Edmonton Journal, which contained parts of the annual report to the Board of Governors by Dr. MacEachern, to find that the provost had felt it necessary to insert such unfair criticism of The Gateway.

Nobody can deny that The Gateway each year is subjected to criticism. But what democratic organ is not? And were it not for this criticism, would not the interest in the paper be greatly lessened?

This is my fourth year at the University, and I have come to the conclusion that The Gateway, while no doubt having its faults, is nevertheless a very representative paper. I base my conclusions upon several very definite events.

First, let me refer to the letter which appeared in The Gateway on November 25th, 1941. The results of this letter were much comment and several replies, expressing satisfaction with the paper. And indeed, these were followed by a second letter from the same source, which was published on December 5th, 1941. In this the writer excused himself and stated, "after all, I only wanted to insult a few people and stir this gay morgue up a trifle." Surely this would indicate that the writer had no logical foundation for her statements, and desired herself to admit this fact.

Dr. MacEachern said that the paper had been deemed unsatisfactory for "several years". With all due respect for this opinion, I feel that I should tell you that last year The Gateway was actually support-

ed by the student body. The Public Soaking Club decided to bring all the criticism of the college paper together, and so called a public meeting for the sole purpose of finding out what the students really thought about it. This meeting was well advertised and The Gateway sent members of its staff, including the Editor-in-Chief, to hear the criticism and to justify it if possible.

I kept minutes for the meeting, and so am well qualified to tell you what the result of the gathering was. In the first place, only thirty students were even enough aroused to attend, and this in itself showed satisfaction on the part of most. Those present suggested various improvements, many of which were impracticable. One of the main difficulties seemed to be that the majority of the students fail to realize the tremendous amount of time the publication takes from the study hours of those who write for it. Students have been asked over and over again to contribute articles—they have been offered prizes at different times, and the staff has almost pleaded with them to send in write-ups. Here, surely, is a chance for students to contribute the kind of material they like. But what has been the result? The staff waits in vain. At the last minute, things have to be written up to fill an empty space.

Another suggestion of the meeting was that the faculty should take more interest in the paper, and should see to it that not all, but some of the time well spent in the publication of The Gateway should be rewarded by credit given in University courses. This is one way the faculty could help our paper and those who spend so much valuable

Know Your Campus: The University Print Shop

This piece of layman literature is not of my own doing. Far be it from me to hunt up more work with examinations just over the hill. But ye Editor (leer on puss, feet on desk, etc.; see description in December 11th issue) claimed that the carefree campus crowd should know what a linotype is, what a press is, and why library books should be treated gently.

Salaaming from his gracious presence, yours truly went to the Print Shop. Two charming young ladies were in the office. Apparently they are the accounting department. The senior of the two toured the plant with me. (Curses, I wanted the other one!)

The linotype operator types on an electric keyboard. Every key pressure sends a negative brass slug into a form that holds a line of type. Type metal is injected into the form and the brass slugs are returned to their cases by a power-driven arm. The machine then sorts the type back into their proper cases. All of which is very complicated and confusing.

We'll leave the lino operator typing and move over to the press. It isn't one of the roller presses that the Commerce Club saw at the Journal, but one of the smaller job presses. From this machine comes our examination papers, our Gate-

way, and a few pieces of miscellaneous printing.

The composing room's name describes its work. It is here that the pages of type are set up for the press. Ads are sometimes set up by hand, but usually they are cast from "mats." Mats or matrices are impressions made by a cut on a sheet of soft, non-burning paper. They are sent by the advertising agency as a mold from which to make casts. Let's do a quick turn-about and look into the book-binders. In this corner new books are made and old ones repaired. The head binder complains, unofficially of course, that the books in the Law Library really take a beating. That the lawyers do more work or treat their books more roughly than the engineers, he failed to say.

Here in the basement of the Arts Building one can watch a miniature newspaper plant at work. One can see newspapers and exam. papers come off the press. Can't forget exam. papers. The two young ladies aforementioned barred the door when I tried to get in one day before Christmas, for the papers were coming off the press.

Sending hasty thanks to the members of the press-room and bindery for their kind assistance, I return to my math.

—W. G. W.

Mystery and Suspense Surround Arts Safe

There is in the prosperous (although unhappy) land of Alberta, on the banks of the North Saskatchewan River, a city which is, oddly enough, called Edmonton, after its English namesake, one must suppose. Now, since this city is the Capital, it boasts among other sundry features, a Legislative Building and the University of Alberta, which are located on opposite banks of the river.

Legislative house has enough publicity, so we will select the University for our subject. Now, the University has a few fine buildings, the largest of which are the Medical Building and the Arts Building. The secrets of the Medical Building were better left unaided, so we must content ourselves with the erudite air of the home of the Artsmen. There is in this building a North corridor, which we follow to its conclusion. For some ungodly (?) reason there is a small offshoot which goes to the east. Now, off this miniature there open two doors. The Gateway office (famed as it is) and a door to the lobby for the north entrance.

No extras can get into The Gateway office (hey, quit shovin'!), so we pass it by. There is no purpose in going out the north door, for it is quite comfortable inside. But what have we here? Here is a little cul-de-sac in the corridor beyond the door of the lobby. Wouldn't it be a nice place to have a quiet snooze (no, The Gateway is too close), or perhaps a nice tete-a-tete? But what monument of antiquity do we find here? Why, beneath this pile of rubbish there is a sturdy reticent safe! How did this emblem of capitalistic security become ensconced in that obscure corner of a ranking institution of learning?

Depositions: Charley Glebe (authority on Gateway history): "Well, the Students' Union was housed with The Gateway staff in Room 151 way back in 1921. It might belong to the Students' Union, but when would they get the money to put in it?"

Bill Hudson, Chief Janitor: "I really don't know. Say, what do you want to know for, anyhow?"

Another janitor (who has been with the institution some time): "I

haven't the slightest idea, although it has been here as long as I can remember."

An eminent member of the faculty, who has likewise been here for a long time: "Well, I can't tell you now, although I knew last summer. I think it has something to do with the Students' Union."

Max Stewart, august Secretary of the Students' Union: "I don't know, but I've often wondered." (In a low tone, indicating some confidence: "I've heard that it contains somebody's false teeth.")

Bob MacBeth, President of the Students' Union (in a condescending manner): "Why, I never had any idea of its existence, which the Union owned it; we could use it." (In the Students' Union office, Mr. President?)

Bob Torrance Arts Representative to the Council: "I don't know, but Ralph Adshead (Students' Union Accountant) would."

Don McCormick, Treasurer of the Students' Union: "I haven't any idea."

Again we hear from The Mr. Stewart, who communicates to us the fact that Mr. Adshead said that the safe doesn't belong to the Students' Union.

And that leaves us sitting up in the air with a safe on our hands (whoops, don't fall now!) Of course, we might let it rest in that adorable little nook until the place is torn down. But somehow our Scots nature whispers to us that that vile Gateway mob will leave its sweepings and residue on and around that priceless safe. Hey! did you say priceless?—well, who said it? Why, if nobody claims it, we might even sell it as scrap or something for the Ambulance Fund. If anyone knows where it belongs he had better make sure of it quickly, lest he look for it some day and find it gone. We're off to the wars, since we haven't heard anything about the somewhat stagnant Ambulance Fund after the Engineers in competition with the Meds boosted the total to some \$17,000.

Ring out a cheer for old Alberta

CHARLES LAWRENCE.

time on it. I do not think that anyone can deny that this meeting showed, in spite of the criticism, that the majority of students are satisfied with The Gateway.

The last basis for my remarks is simply what I gather from talking to fellow students. Most of them agree that after all The Gateway is a pretty fine paper. This is especially true after these students have had occasion to come into contact with other similar publications.

Nobody will hold that The Gateway is an intellectually uplifting paper. But nobody will deny that it has its own particular function to perform in University life, and it largely succeeds in doing this. I am sure that I express the opinion of most students when I say that the unnecessary and unwarranted publicity given The Gateway, and the reflection on the members of its staff, is most regrettable. Knowing how little we, the students, cooperate with you, I am of the belief that it would be unfair, to say the least, for us to be too critical, considering all the opportunity we have to submit our own ideas.

There are two ways which we can adopt in order to express our appreciation for the effort and time you expend to give us our two editions of the paper each week—one is to write and assure you of it, and the other is to read The Gateway. This is a sample of the first—you will find a sample of the second any morning in the Arts Building when The Gateway appears—one mad rush to get a paper!

Yours sincerely,
J. E. de HART.



IF THE DISCUS THROWER COULD TALK—
"I'm going to throw this thing away and have a Sweet Cap."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

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THEATRE DIRECTORY

ODEON THEATRES

RIALTO, now showing—"Hellzapoppin", starring Olsen and Johnson. It's undoubtedly the funniest, craziest show ever made. P.S.—No kidding!

AVENUE, for three days starting today—"Love Crazy", starring William Powell and Myrna Loy; also "Flight at Midnight", with Jean Parker. Coming Wednesday—"Footsteps in the Dark", with Errol Flynn; also "West Point Widow", starring Ann Shirley.

ROXY, for three days starting today—"Men of Boys' Town", starring Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney; also "Melody For Three". Coming Wednesday—"Honeymoon For Three", starring George Brent and Ann Sheridan; also "Dispatch From Reuters", with Edward G. Robinson.

VARScona, for three days starting today—"Caught in the Draft", starring Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour; also "Shining Victory", with James Stephenson. Coming Wednesday—"Aloma of the South Seas", starring Dorothy Lamour; also "I'm Still Alive", with Kent Taylor.

FAMOUS PLAYERS

CAPITOL, starting Saturday for one week—"Louisiana Purchase," a technicolor musical comedy with a big All-Star cast.

EMPRESS, now showing—"Sullivan's Travels", with Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake. Coming Tues., Wed., Thurs.—"Tom Lintins from Manhattan", also "Harmon of Michigan," a saga of football.

PRINCESS, now showing—"Melody Ranch", with Gene Autry, "The Singing Cowboy", also "Blondie in Society", with "The Bumsteads," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Sims. Coming Tues., Wed., Thurs.—Ginger Rogers in "Tom, Dick and Harry", added attraction, "We Go First," also a "March of Time."

GARNEAU, starting Saturday—"Birth of the Blues", with Bing Crosby and Mary Martin; also added featurettes. Coming Wed., Thurs., Fri.—"International Lady", added feature, "Tillie the Toiler." Coming Sat., Feb. 21—"Here Comes Mr. Jordan."

STRAND, Fri., Sat., Mon., Feb. 13, 14, 16—Bob Hope in "Nothing But the Truth," and Claire Trevor in "Texas."

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And you are here whenever "All-Clear" sounds, When dust is all that was a home before, When cruel flames burn every treasure thing, Yes, you are here to give us hope once more.

Warm as your hearts, the garments that you send; A thousand thousand children have you dressed; And Mothers smile again, and through the land In every shattered home your name is blessed.

Though life is gray, your thoughts shine as the sun, Your boundless pity quickens at our call, Your gifts infold us and our courage grows, And so in England's name I thank you all.

W. Gwyn-Jeffreys.

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friday the thirteenth

By Frank Meston

Shades of black cats and graveyards, essence of broken mirrors and spilled salt! "Double, double, toil and trouble!" Cross those fingers. Clutch that rabbit's foot! That day is with us again—that day of days, **Friday the Thirteenth**, when the air is electric with magic, when witches hover in the ether, and almost anything can happen to poor misguided mortals who do not watch their steps.

Friday has long been looked upon by some people as an unlucky day. For one thing, Friday is observed in Christian countries as the day upon which Christ was crucified, and for that reason is regarded as unlucky. In the past, also, criminals and murderers were invariably hanged on Friday, and so the sixth day of the week became associated with misfortune in the public mind. Everone is familiar with the magical power of the number thirteen to bring disaster—but when Friday falls on the 13th, what can you expect but double trouble, magic and supernatural happenings? The reasoning is quite logical—one multiplied by two gives two.

It was Shakespeare in his play "Macbeth" who makes one of his characters repeat the more or less magical incantation, "double, double, toil and trouble." But for the year 1942 we can amend this to read, "treble, treble, toil and trouble," for there are three days of this ill-starred year when Friday falls on the 13th. If you will look it up in your calendar, you will see that the unlucky months are February, March and November. So if you pass the first hurdle safely, don't breathe a sigh of relief and let yourself go. You still have two more chances—perhaps they should be called mischances.

Superstition has been defined as a "belief in the influence of inanimate objects on human life and destiny," and as an "excessive credulity with regard to what is mysterious and unexplained." Enlightened moderns who have attained the heights of our so-called civilization are not supposed to be superstitious. Most people will maintain vigorously that they are not believers in supernatural happenings, in all omens, signs, and magic. But have you ever watched people on a busy street, religiously walk around a ladder upon which some man is working, even though it means that they must walk in the gutter. If questioned they would undoubtedly claim that they are afraid of getting paint on their clothes—whereas we know that the workman was not using paint at all. As for myself, I always walk under ladders, to prove to myself that I am not superstitious. Which someone sitting on the curb, counting up to ten in the manner of a boxing referee, you will know that the unfortunate has possibly forgot-

perhaps only proves that I am possessed of at least a vestige of fear of the supernatural, otherwise I would not find it necessary to prove to myself that I am not afraid. And what are some of the more common superstitions held by our fellow-humans? For a black cat to cross one's path is very bad luck, although there are individuals who hold that if it has a patch of white upon it, good luck will ensue. It is bad luck to spill salt, and the method of counteracting the ill-luck is to throw a little salt over the left shoulder. Yes, sir, you just can't have any resulting bad luck if you do that, even though you are dining out. Remember that your host will understand.

To go back for something that has been forgotten, without first sitting down and counting to ten, is also to court disaster. So now when you see ten to put on his pants, and is warding off bad luck before he returns and puts them on. There is an old superstition, familiar to all, which promises seven years of misfortune to the person who breaks a mirror. Some of the girls profess to believe that it means bad luck to pick up anything which they have dropped. Possibly this superstition has developed since women have been given equal rights with men, and the poor unchivalrous males have stopped picking up the ladies' gloves and handkerchiefs for them, as they did in days of old (when knights were bold and ladies fair). The girls have now succeeded in securing equal rights, and are merely trying to turn the disadvantages to their own advantage. (This is just a theory.)

To look at the new moon for the first time through glass is very bad luck indeed. But if one looks for the first time at the moon as it waxes and turns a coin in one's pocket at the same time, good luck is sure to follow. It is possible that good and bad luck associated with the moon bears some connection to romantic evenings under the romantic orb—but I'm sure I wouldn't know. For a couple walking down the street to separate and pass one on either side of an obstacle in the path will also bring on bad fortune, but this can be counteracted by saying quickly, in an offhand manner, "Bread and butter." This bit of self-protection doesn't cost a cent—and bears a money-back guarantee. "Three on a match" is dangerous business if one can believe all one hears—apparently there is no sure-fire form of magic to counteract the ill-luck, possibly because smoking is a fairly recent development. The person who puts on a sweater inside out must wear it that way for the rest of the day for fear of calling down the curses of the gods.

In good old Scotland there is a superstition to the effect that all salt cellars must be full on New Year's day in order to assure good fortune for the coming year. In some parts of England it is considered unlucky to kill a cricket, and in some parts of the country

holes are cut in the stockings of those who have committed such a crime—and with silk stockings so scarce.

Here is a good tip which might work for us the Zulus have great faith in it. A Zulu lad, when courted by his dusky girl-friend chews a piece of wood, in the expectation that as the wood is reduced to pulp, her heart, too, will be softened. The author who tells of this rite claims, however, that there is no resemblance between a piece of wood and a woman's heart, or between mastication and courtship. Someone has suggested that the maiden's head must soften before her heart—here again I wouldn't know.

A student of magic and matters pertaining thereto, Professor Westermarck, tells us that the people of Morocco, to avert the ill-effects of the "evil eye," throw forward the hand with outspread fingers and say, "Five in your eye." But the more enlightened people who do not wish to admit their superstition quite so openly, merely mention casually the number "five," which has the same effect. And the still more advanced on the road to civilization and its inhibitions, may mutter the word "Thursday" which, after all, is the fifth day of the week, and therefore capable of producing the same immunity. But by the time the people are universally using the word "Thursday" to avert the consequences of the "evil eye," they have forgotten that it merely stands for "Five in your eye." Thus in time magic comes to be meaningless. How else can we account for the superstitions regarding "thirteen," "Friday," "spilling salt," "walking under a ladder," or having a "black cat cross our path"? All we have left is a tale of misfortune to follow, and possibility a rite or spell to avert the bad luck. All meaning has been lost.

And so it is with Friday the thirteenth. We know that strange things can happen, or are supposed to happen, but we do not know why. During the process of civilization the reasons therefor have dropped from our race memory. That, after all, is one of the penalties of being civilized.

REMARKS TO CERTAIN POLITICIANS

By Moore Munroe

Think not we slumber, passions dead When loud your bugles we should blast. We should sing gloriously, you cry. At last The lurking doubt assails instead.

Think not our sight is lost or dull. Should we desire bold lay we'd fling To every saddened corner would we sing. And every lost and aching soul we'd lull.

But we'll not serve a bastard child Sired by hate and rank duplicity. We are cold steel now. Clear we see The soiled hope. You laughed at us; we smiled.

Co-ed Comments

Well, folksies, it's "V for Valentine" this week, for come Saturday the Sentimental Saint is due for another birthday, and that fat little nudist (Cupid, stupid) will be on the loose once again. We're definitely in favor of valentines for everyone, cross our heart! And that includes, mammas, paps, sisters, brothers, and even your old Uncle Joe would pinken with pride at rating one. Then there's all your buddies (male and female), if you class 'em as such, and of course not forgetting the current light of your life. However, if you want to send something besides the conventional old lace, hearts and flowers business, you've got plenty of leeway. A tasty little valentine to send to someone special would be some tempting chocolates or hard candies in a really sentimental heart-shaped box. Picardy's have some luscious affairs all done up in shiny red satin. Then, of course, it's a known fact that every doting female loves a flower-giving-he-male. A cunning little nosegay certainly conveys all the things you'd like to say. In fact, a single red

rose positively dripping with sentiment would more than likely do the trick. Another thought for the occasion, that ought to win you a heart, is a cleverly designed linen hankie splashed with "roses of red and violets of blue"—folded, it is heart-shaped and just as pretty as an old-fashioned valentine! Made-moiselle (which might be more appropriately named Mad Damselle) suggests a pair of tiny china jars for some lady's bower, hand-painted with roses and mottoes such as "To My Valentine," or even "To Goone from Butch" if you want. Then for some looney lass there is shown a pair of sachets in sweet clover done up in miniature union suits of fiery red—but cute! However, getting back to the paper variety, it is claimed that there's nothing like a valentine to net you a grand slam in hearts, and the more, the better! (Like the old days in grade school, when every class sported its own valentine box.) The general consensus seems to be that the wacky

type are most preferred, so save that big drooly number, dripping with amour, for "the one." And now, what about this business of to sign 'em or not to sign. Sign 'em, we think, by all means. Faint heart never won fair lady, or any blond Adonis either. But if you are absolutely agin it, initials, a nickname or a valentine terrifically reminiscent of you couldn't miss. Then if you're addicted (or should we say afflicted?) to writing lyrics, dream up a few lines of verse for your val, or if you're a potential artist, let loose with a superfine masterpiece (a la Petty if you like).

So we'll close with two special valentines for you all, composed especially by our business manager (pardon us, Willie). Here they are:

Oh, waken all you lads so gay! I don't forget St. Valentine's Day! With hearts and flowers 'n kisses,

From you to me, and me to you, Don't crastinate, for times-a-wastin'.

For goodies do require some tastin'(?).

So to all you people I want to say, I wish you Happy Valentine's Day!

Varsity Library

When the 10:55 bell rings, releasing the majority of students (?) from the drudgery of Saturday morning lectures, everyone sighs happily and makes his way to the Art's rotunda, where he gathers with his co-ed friend to discuss such things as "Gosh, what a lecture!" or "How do you feel this morning?" Eventually, the Friday Gateway arrives, and occasionally two or three people emerge from the pile-up, looking somewhat like the surviving participants in a "Stocking Bargain Sale" at the Army and Navy.

Gad! the subject of this . . . (?), studying. Oh, yes, we decide to do a small portion of "Arbeits" in the Library (that's German for work, attention J. Woods), so we trot in, have a drink of soup from the fountain, and gaily trip into that Immortal Room of Rooms, the Arts Library. Here we politely nod to a number of rather pretty girls, trip over a few stray feet in doing so, and eventually stagger, defeated and exhausted, into a chair. The thing is now, what to do? Why, study! Study! Horrors, no one ever studies in the Arts Library. So naturally what happens? . . . The Friday Gateway? So we read The Gateway, and if we haven't been too late or too, what shall I say—inbrede—we read Casserole and so on, etc.

The moral to this . . . (?) is, whenever you go into the Arts Library on Saturday morning, always have a few extra Gateways, and if you see some poor green Freshmen or an over-industrious Junior, whose head, neck and shoulders are not completely obscured by The Gateway, go to him (or her), beat him (or her) severely about the head and ears, and then with a sort of superior "don't be so stooped" look, hand him (or her) a paper.

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Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 27 MAY 1870

Suitable Valentine Voices For All the Cute Little Goilfriends

Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
He told me so,
What do you think?

Ah, love! Hardly seems a year has gone by since we tore open the mail box in a search for anonymous love missives.

Valentine's Day and the sentiment it represents all goes back to St. Valentine, a bishop and a martyr, who was put to death at Rome under the persecuting rule of Claudius, in February of 270. The custom of choosing valentines on his day is of considerable antiquity. It was an old belief, too, that the birds began to mate on this day, which probably explains why bluebirds are so frequently depicted on the present-day cards. The story goes that on the eve of St. Valentine's the young people of both sexes used to meet, and each of them drew a name by lot from a number of names of the opposite sex, which were put into a common receptacle. Each gentleman thus got a lady for his valentine, and in turn became the valentine of a lady. The gentleman remained bound to the services of his valentine for a year (it doesn't say whether the lady was bound). We moderns don't go to such lengths, except for one remnant of this, which seems to be contained in the Valentine Box social affairs, where the gals decorate a carton of food in a very bewitching fashion, lug it off to the nearest schoolhouse of an evening, and watch the thing auctioned off to the highest bidder. The whole business is full of surprises, cause pretty boxes aren't necessarily accompanied by owners of like pulchritude, nor is the man with the fastest pocketbook always what we hoped the teacup reader would see in our cups. Then, too, we aren't forgetting those hat boxes covered with red and white paper into which we used to deposit our "bought" valentines when we were very young. Remember how your class popularity depended on the number of bought valentines you managed to collect from the youthful swains? Oh, we know how you got so many—across the hall, too, for a good many days preceding the opening of the box.

The sender of such love tokens usually shrouds himself in secrecy—the reason, of course, is obvious. We heard of one young man working in a downtown firm (said man was a confirmed bachelor), who for four consecutive years received a valentine with the cryptic "Your

Adored." On the fourth year his curiosity knew no bounds, so he inserted an add in a local daily which read, "To my adored one from your Valentine." Imagine his surprise when "Meet me on the corner of Alberta Avenue at 8 o'clock tonight," appeared in the next issue. Of course he kept the rendezvous, and of course the "Adored One" didn't. But the joke was on his fellow-workers, who trumped up the fun, for it started him on his amorous career, and he is now a benedict.

Just what message to pen when you're submitting your yearly entry to the one of the hour is really a problem. The man who wires his love the inviting, "Wouldst that thou would be my Valentine, O Babe," will be taking a likely chance of the "Gimme the ring and bring on the preacher." More cautious males would do better to forestall a hasty answer by a tribute such as "Will you be my Valentine with or without?" Girls who really want to find out whether their big moments have worth-while intentions should send a singing telegram and have the messenger boy give out with "You got me this way, Say what are you going to do about it?"

For the tuber, we think the ideal way to capture the prof's attention and the everlasting scorn of your fellows, is to send him a large, frilly heart and a verse inscribed therein—to wit:

"I have the nicest professor,
I think that he's just great,
And if I had my way, you bet,
I'd never graduate."

Those unfortunates who figure all is lost anyhow, could comfort themselves with a one-cent brown paper offering and the message:

"Curses, grunts, and boredom too,
To h— with any more lectures from you."

If you have recently been jilted or you have a sneaking suspicion that you're shortly going to receive the payoff, why not dash off a little ditty to the cruel one that goes something like so:

"Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole weeks together,
And I am like to love three more
If it prove fair weather."

This should at least ignite a spark of curiosity, if nothing else. If, on the other hand, you are the gentle poet-man type and fairly drool charm, why not enclose this charming little ode in a ribbon-tied envelope:

Here's to a girl, I'm thinking of you,

Where you are and what you do. Wishing you were with me, too, This is from—Ohhhhh!—you know who!

Touching, isn't it? Here's one that one of The Gateway executives swears is the verse to really make the coolest co-ed exclaim with joy:

A boy is always prone to choose, And aspires to fill his Poppa's shoes.

A co-ed tries to go one better, She wants to fill her Momma's sweater;

And then she aims for things sublime, And seeks to rate a Valentine.

With thanks and apologies to Esquire.

Yes, my sweets, there are Valentines to suit us all. Can't you just imagine what the individual who penned this sonnet must be like—Oh, no, you can't but here's a valentine somebody we know once got:

My nose is pink;
My eyes both blink;
Youse is coitnly sure to tink,
I must be nutz to be high hat;
But I got me a becz to be all dat;
'Cause de cutest little Judy in de joint,

Has just seen my redeemoir point;
I don't chew tobaccy like some,
But I sticks me to Wrigly's chew-in' gum.

While we dream up this guff, suggestions are pouring in upon us, especially from the advertising staff of our illustrious rag. The money jugglers have just expostulated this intriguing pome to send to the light of their lives, which they have decided to forward to some unsuspecting House Ecce in an attempt to eke out an invite to their Saturday ball:

The girl that I thought of today,
She goes to the U. of A.
I hope she'll be mine
This St. Valentine.

What more could anyone say? We are fairly teeming with flowery thoughts on this happy love festival occasion, but, gee, we must take time out now to dash off some of our own missives. We did read, though, in Liberty that more greetings will probably be sent by girls than by boys this year, due to the pressure of war-time activities, so Liberty suggests if you have a heart interest for the duration send him a modernized version such as:

Tracers are red,
Raid lights are blue,
No war can blitz
Our love in two.

GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Huskies Playing Here 3:00 p.m. Saturday

Med-Pharm-Dents Snap Their Losing Streak; Trim Engineers And Ag-Com-Law Hockeyists

Engineers Beat Down Arts to Tune of 2-1

M-P-D's HEAD INTERFAC LEAGUE

Arts Defeat Ag-Com-Law in Wednesday Game

Bruce Mackay and his Med-Pharm-Dents this week snapped their losing streak, which had reach-

ed two games, and by scoring victories at the expense of Ag-Com-Law and Engineers, are again firmly entrenched in first place in the Interfaculty Hockey League. Now, with each team having but two games remaining, they have a three-point margin over the second place Arts, which advantage should be enough to insure them of eventual "copping the coveted number one slot in the standings.

The Saturday double-header was highlighted by a bitter battle between Engineers and Arts, by far the most rugged encounter staged in the league all season. Engineers finally prevailed by a 2-1 count, but they paid a stiff price for the victory. Bud Chesney, playing coach, came out of a melee involving also Carr and Pybus of the Arts, with a broken shoulder. This puts him on the shelf, probably for the season, and represents a monumental blow to the Engineers' hopes of being crowned champions of the league.

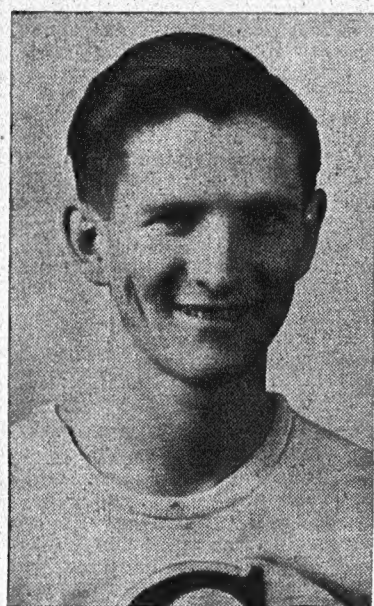
In the second game Med-Pharm-Dents scored a 5-1 win over a stubbornly battling Ag-Com-Law aggregation, playing with a revamped lineup that has had to be shaken up because of the continued illness of Frank Quigley.

Wednesday's games saw Engineers pitted against M-P-D and Ag-Com-Law against Arts, in that order. The first contest was much the better played of the two from a spectator's point of view. Considerable systematic hockey was dished up, and both teams made numerous good-looking offensive moves. Again Med-Pharm-Dents started slowly and yielded the first goal, a scintillating individual thrust by Ed Crowder of Engineers at 14:02 of the first period. Baker got that one back at the 17:50 mark on a play with Dimock. This 1-1 situation prevailed all through the middle session, but shortly after the third period opened, Butler and Drouin snaked through the Engineer defence to beat Setters. This put M-P-D in front for the first time, and they increased the margin to 4-1 on thrusts by Baker and a second goal by Butler. This latter player was the offensive sparkplug for his side in this game, figuring in three of four goals.

Arts and Ag-Com-Law have both played better hockey than they showed in Wednesday's contest. Players of both sides roamed at will, but order was restored before the game ended 5-4 for Arts.

Ag-Com-Law forced the pace throughout against Arts. They led at 3-2 and 4-3, but penalties drawn by Garvin and Morie in the third period proved disastrous. Arts power play clicked on both occasions, with Ray Lemieux the marksman for the tying and winning markers. Other scorers for Arts were Hurlburt, a steadily improving performer, with two, and Cuthbertson. Garvin (Ag-Com-Law's best player in this game), Schrader, Stuart and Taylor succeeded in beating Ryski for Ag-Com-Law's four goals.

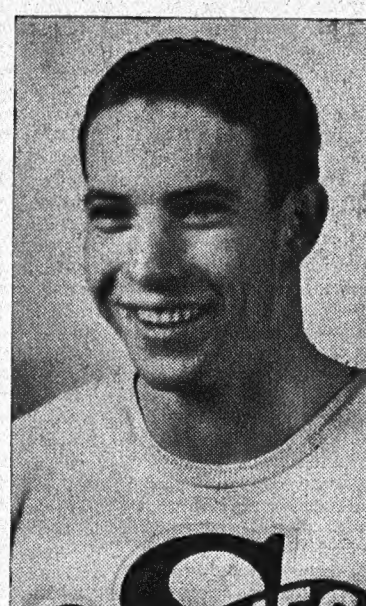
THIS TRIO COMES FROM SASKATCHEWAN



BERT SMITH-JONES
Captain



JIM SCOTT
Centre



RALPH ALEXANDER
Guard

Hart Polishing Boys For Contest

Coach Stewart Hart is at present putting his boys through the last stages of training for the Assault-at-Arms. A conscientious, hard-working coach is Hart. Not only does he spend many hours a week teaching those who turn out all his skill, but he has invited over such wrestlers as Van Velzen and Bill Purzek. Van Velzen is one of the best amateur wrestlers in Canada, and Purzek a leading wrestler in the 145 pound class.

Wrestling, like any other man's sport on the campus, has slackened off. Why is only too apparent. But there is no need for the club to fold up due to lack of support. Quite a few of the fellows who turned out last term have been slackening off in attending workouts this year. Stu Hart believes he has the man who can beat Saskatchewan. All right, how about turning out and helping U. of A. win—especially Dick Cronik, Al Trott, Fred Dembiske and Jim Kruger. Further, any other men who are middleweights or light heavyweights would be welcome.

As for Stewart Hart, he is an all-round athlete. He has built up his body to a pitch which we envy. With it he won the middleweight championship of Canada, and he now holds the light heavyweight of Canada. A former Eskimo rugby player, he used to turn in a good game on the line. Last year he played softball for the Medico Welders. This team was Edmonton champs and provincial intermediate softball champs. He has been coaching wrestling here for five years, in which time he has trained such outstanding wrestlers as Jack Wickett and Bob Folinsbee. These fellows held the intervarsity title for many years. Jack is now in the R.C.A.F. and Bob is a captain in the army.

So, come one, come all! Turn out and help this club finish up with a real show. Remember next week, Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8:00 o'clock. Your picture will be taken for the year book, and on Feb. 28 there will be the Assault-at-Arms.

CHESNEY INJURED

Bud Chesney, one of the most faithful and conscientious athletes who ever wore a U. of A. uniform, seems fated to close out his student athletic career in the role of bystander.

Playing coach of Engineers in the Interfaculty Hockey League, Bud suffered a broken shoulder in last Saturday's tussle with the Arts, and will not likely see action again this season.

Chesney is in his graduate year, and it appears as though this injury will prevent any further athletic activity while at the University. But his contribution to things sportive hereabouts will not soon be forgotten. The name Chesney will always come into conversations that have to do with the better hockey players in the history of U. of A. Tough luck, Bud, and tough luck, Engineers.

HOCKEY SCORERS

Bruce Mackay still maintains a firm grip on top place, but a terrific struggle is being put up for second. This is how the top scorers stand regarding the Henry Singer award for leading league scorer:

	G.	A.	Pts.
Mackay, M-P-D	21	9	30
Kuzyk, Arts	10	9	19
Dimock, M-P-D	8	10	18
Drouin, M-P-D	12	5	17
Lemieux, Arts	12	5	17
Baker, M-P-D	10	7	17
Stuart, A-C-L	10	5	15

League Standing

	P.	W.	L.	T.	Pts.
M-P-D	10	7	3	0	14
Arts	10	5	4	1	11
Engineers	10	4	5	1	9
Ag-Com-Law	10	3	7	0	6

Dents Defeat Pharms; Aggies Trim Engineers

Once again Monday night came by, and two more games were played. The results did help clarify the four-way tie to the point where wild guesses could eliminate several teams. This evenness of points shows more than any write-up just how good the league is.

Led by their high scorer, Warshawski, who garnered 35 of the 59 points (two-thirds), the Dents pasted the Pharms to a 59-22 loss. It has been mentioned before and should be mentioned again, but it is the sportsmanship of the players, backed by game managers, who made a success of this league. The Pharms have never been a real team this year, but sparked by Orville Taylor, they've turned out to make the league function properly. For sheer gameness and perseverance, there's a medal coming their way.

In the second game the Aggies put themselves back into the playoffs by beating the Engineers 38-23. Grant picked up 16 for the Aggies and Manifold 9 for the Engineers. The game was rough, 24 penalties being given, Aggies getting 14 and Nichols had four. The final games will be played on Monday, Feb. 16, at 7:30 and 8:30. Arts and Meds play and Aggies and Dents.

Lineups:
Pharms—Taylor 6, Geehan 1, Graham 4, Crisafio 11, Penley.
Dents—Nikiforuk 9, Warshawski 35, Eastwood 5, Dickson 4, Walkey 6, Short, Ames, Blackmore.
Engineers—McLean 2, Gibson 1, Hutton 1, Bernstein 5, Manifold 9, Reynolds, Scott 5.
Aggies—Christie, Alson 2, Davidson, Nichols 6, Allen 6, Garvin 2, Grant 16, Hills 6.

NOTICE

Those attending the Intercollegiate basketball series Friday and Saturday, please take note that only the rear entrance to Athabaska gym can be used.



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EXAMINATIONS 1942

The Examination for the Fellowship is divided into two parts, viz., the first examination or Primary, and the second examination or Final.

The subjects of the Primary Examination are:

Anatomy, including Histology and Embryology
Physiology, including Biochemistry

The Primary Examination is partly written and partly oral and must be passed as a whole.

The Primary Examination may be taken at any time after the candidate has completed a course of study and passed the examinations, in Anatomy, Histology, Embryology, Physiology, and Biochemistry, in a Medical School or University approved by Council. The candidate must submit a certificate thereof with his application.

Languages of Examination

Candidates at the time of making application for either the Primary or the Final Examination shall indicate whether they desire to be examined in the French or English language.

Standards of Qualification

No particular list of text books or syllabus is recommended to cover any subject. All candidates are expected to demonstrate a thorough knowledge of the subjects in which they are to be examined and to be familiar with the current literature relating thereto.

In their answers, written or oral, candidates in the Final Examination must show evidence of critical judgment.

Places and Dates of Examinations, 1942

The Centres selected for the written Examinations are Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, London, Toronto, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, and Halifax on the following dates:

Monday, September 28th; Tuesday, September 29th; Wednesday, September 30th.

Oral Examinations in the Primary subjects, and Oral and Clinical Examinations in the Final subjects will be held at MONTREAL on the following dates:

MONTREAL—Tuesday, October 20th; Wednesday, October 21st; and if necessary on Thursday, October 22nd.

Candidates who are graduates of 1930 or prior thereto of a Medical School or University approved by Council shall not be required to take the Primary Examination, but shall in the Final Examination demonstrate a general and practical knowledge of the clinical application of Anatomy and Physiology. This special examination shall be conducted by Clinicians.

Address all communications to: **WARREN S. LYMAN, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C)**,
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Room 30018 National Research Laboratories,
Sussex Street, Ottawa, Ontario.